

# The Religious Turncoat;

Or, a Late

## Jacobite Divine turn'd Williamite,

Licensed according to Order.

Tune of, *London is a Fine Town.*

( 1 )  
I Lov'd no King in Forty One,  
When Prelacy went down;  
A Cloak and Band, I then put on,  
And Preach'd against the Crown.

Chorus.

*A Turncoat is a Cunning Man,  
That Cants to Admiration;  
And Prays for any King, to gain  
The Peoples Approbation.*

( 2 )  
I shew'd them Paths to Heaven untrod,  
From Pop'ry to refine 'em;  
And taught the People to serve God,  
As if the Devil were in 'em.

Chor.

*A Turncoat, &c.*

( 3 )  
When Charles return'd into our Land,  
The English Church Supporter,  
I shifted off my Cloak and Band,  
And so became a Courtier.

Chor.

*A Turncoat, &c.*

( 4 )  
The King's Religion I profess,  
And found there was no harm in't;  
I Cog'd and Flatter'd like the rest,  
Till I had got Preferment.

Chor.

*A Turncoat, &c.*

( 5 )  
I taught my Conscience how to Cope  
With Honesty or Evil;  
And when I railed against the Pope,  
I sided with the Devil.

Chor.

*A Turncoat, &c.*

( 6 )  
When Royal James began his Reign,  
And Mass was used in Common,  
I shifted off my Faith again,  
And then became a Roman.

Chor.

*A Turncoat, &c.*

( 7 )  
I Orders took i'th' Church of Rome,  
And Read the Declarations,  
And prov'd that all the World must come  
To Transubstantiation.

Chor.

*A Turncoat, &c.*

( 8 )  
His Holyness the Pope to please,  
By the Lord's Assistance,  
To bring in Pop'ry with more ease,  
I preach't up *Non-Resistance*.

Chor.

*A Turncoat, &c.*

( 9 )  
Our Prince of Wales was soon betray'd,  
And then the Head-strong Rabble  
Grew angry with the Child, and made  
The Devil rock the Cradle.

Chor.

*A Turncoat, &c.*

( 10 )  
When Cause grew Sick, and King grew Tame,  
I fell from Priest to Pagan;  
Just as the Belgick Lyon came,  
To quell the Romish Dragon.

Chor.

*A Turncoat, &c.*

( 11 )  
When William had posselt the Throne,  
And Cur'd the Nations Grievance,  
New Principles I then put on,  
And swore to him Allegiance.

Chor.

*A Turncoat, &c.*

( 12 )  
And now Preach up King William's Right,  
Pray for his Foes Confusion;  
And shall remain a Williamite,  
Till another Revolution.

Chorus.

*A Turncoat is a Cunning Man,  
That Cants to Admiration;  
And Prays for any King, to gain  
The Peoples Approbation.*

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